AIR RAIDS. SIXTY CLAIMS NOW PAID. *See page 24.*

428776

JOHN BULL

Vol. XVIII. No. 465 | SATURDAY. MAY 1. 1915. | ONE PENNY

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

For meaning of this No. see Page II. of Cover.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,
If *Britain* to itself do rest but true.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

Guaranteed Circulation over One Million Copies Weekly.

OUR STUPENDOUS FREE INSURANCE (See page 24.) If you desire to avoid the necessity of filling up this weekly coupon you may sign the Newsagent's Order Form on page 24, and forward the duplicate to us and you will be *permanently insured* during such period as this Insurance scheme remains in force.

SPECIAL NOTE.—If you do not make use of the Newsagent's Form on page 24, fill in this form and carefully retain it. In the event of a claim it must be forwarded to the Editor of "John Bull" within seven days of the date of the accident

GREAT WAR INSURANCE COUPON.

(Insuring against ALL War Risks, as specified on page 24.)

Name of Insured..... *Address*.....

Age next Birthday..... *Date of Signature*.....

NOMINATION FORM.

In the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate first myself, or in the event of my Death:—

Name..... *Address*.....

to receive such sum as may become payable under the terms of the Insurance Scheme set out in "JOHN BULL."

This coupon must be signed by the Insured—or, in the case of children under twelve years of age, by their parents or legal guardians—and is available for London and twelve-mile radius till 8 a.m. Wednesday, May 5, and all other parts of the British Isles till 8 a.m. Thursday, May 6.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and PUBLISHED IN THE FOLLOWING ISSUE.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL *of specified date*, bearing any of such numbers, we will, upon production **within seven days of publication** (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all the work done.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue April 24th:—

005298	209233	459656	717448	900543
017170	217907	468643	722886	936112
046463	224686	498361	729776	956428
057124	237928	504502	771612	981600
065069	306531	536510	795311	985547
078093	318620	553027	819816	990677
085420	331053	589473	828627	A000039
103565	392841	605921	848565	A007652
132312	407011	646433	873527	A085764
167734	453661	705511	896402	A164531

The A prefixed to a drawn number indicates it is plus a million.

The Fifty Numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published May 5th).

The following have sent in correct claims:—

E. A. HUMBERSTON, Booking Office, Stepney Station, Commercial Road, E. April 17th. 705,299.

Mrs. D. P. COMRIE, 21, King Street, Perth. N.B. April 10th. 131,198.

WILFRED WALKER, 65, Carfield Avenue, Meersbrook, Sheffield. April 31st. 698,254.

H. SCARGILL, 1, Griffe View, Oakworth. April 10th. 901,316.

M. J. CRAIG, A105, Boaler Street, Liverpool. April 3rd. 562,587.

ARTHUR TOAL, 9, Tremont View, Hunslett Carr, Leeds. April 3rd. 253,312.

JAMES WORDLEY, 19, The Parade, Walton-on-the-Naze. April 10th. 652,864.

JOHN BULL PEN COUPON. Value 1d

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2/6 and loose 1d. stamp for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a John Bull Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull" any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price. You may send 13 Coupons, and P.O. for 1/6 only and loose 1d. stamp for postage. Address Pen Dept., "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. May 1st, 1915.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

CHESTER CUP.

JOHN BULL ENTRANCE FORM.

HORSES ENTERED FOR THE CHESTER CUP.
To be run Wednesday, May 5th.

	WILLBROOK		WHITE LIE
	GREAT SPORT		FANFARONA
	FIZ-YAMA		BELTED EARL
	WILLAURA		PARROT
	SON-IN-LAW		KINGSBOROUGH
	DALMATIAN		BROADWOOD
	FLORENTINO		POLLEN
	HARE HILL		FRUSTRATION
	FANTASIO		GRECIAN MAID
	THE GULLER		DESMOND'S SONG
	WARDHA		NIHILIST
	FILL UP		FLURRY

I enter "JOHN BULL" Racing Competition in accordance with the rules announced on page 32, and agree to accept the Editor's published decision as final and legally binding, and enter on that understanding.

Signed.....

Address.....

.....

A Entrance Forms must be cut, not torn out.

MORE WINNERS.

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(In closed envelope),

Price 6d.

On Sale at all Bookstalls and Newsagents throughout the United Kingdom, or will be sent *post free* for

Four Weeks - - - - Two Shillings
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ODHAMS LIMITED,
93-94, Long Acre, London, W.C.,

and should be received by first post Friday morning.

Envelopes should be distinctly marked "SATURDAY SPECIAL."

JOHN BULL.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XVIII. No. 465. Week ending Saturday, May 1st, 1915. One Penny.

"Everywoman's Weekly"—
The perfect paper for ALL Women.

"Everywoman's Weekly"—
Splendid Number this week. Buy it now.

£10 REWARD.

WANTED, the Copies of "JOHN BULL" for April 24th, 1915, bearing on the Cover the Numbers 156,732 and 913,847.

Any person possessing either of these copies will be paid £5 upon applying to
THE MANAGER, "JOHN BULL,"
93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

The Clyde and the Tyne.

We have carefully read Mr. Asquith's speech to the war workers and, candidly, we prefer our own. It was, of course, very nice and kind of him to run down to Newcastle and tell the boys there how well they are working—but *we* were sent to the Clyde! However, we are delighted to learn that on the whole there is no serious shortage in the production of munitions; that Lloyd George was merely pulling the leg of that deputation when he said that we were fighting Germany, Austria and Drink, and that Drink was the deadliest foe of the three—and that, after all, there was no need for the King to sign the pledge.

The Outlook.

We hear on every hand that since our recent visit to the Clyde there has been a considerable speeding up in the output.

The Truant M.P.

A Welsh member of Parliament, who is a friend of the Chancellor's, said at a meeting the other day that there was nothing that kept members so well up to the scratch as the fear of an appeal to the electors, and added that knowing there would be no general election until a year after the end of the war, he had cancelled all his engagements in his constituency for six months! No wonder the hon. gentleman asked the members of the press not to report this remark!

Judicial Changes.

More judges are retiring. Now then, Mr. Duke, get your papers in order.

Convert-ed?

We really begin to think that we have quite captured Mr. Bonar Law as a Business Government recruit. In almost every speech he now makes he gives evidence of the new faith within him, and every now and then he boldly confesses the manifold sins and wickednesses of the old Party game. Here, for instance, is the closing sentence of a speech he made in the House a day or two ago: "In time of stress like this, they should think less rather than more of the make-believe *which was part of the daily lives of politicians*—AND BE SINCERE." What do you think of it?

"German Wireless."

May we give the military authorities a hint not to take too seriously the German military wireless messages tapped in course of transit? If we had never let the enemy know that we *were* tapping their despatches—but that brings us to the Business Government text again!

After Many Days.

Little by little and bit by bit we are getting on, and by the time the end of the war is in sight we will probably be putting the finishing touches on our arrangements for the defence of the realm. After nine months of it, the official mind has evolved the idea of compelling all hotel, boarding-house, and lodging-house keepers to start a register of aliens staying at their establishments. Good!

Cabinet Trouble.

There is some trouble behind the scenes, and it is not impossible that it may develop to such an acute extent that Mr. Asquith will be forced to consult the King about a reconstruction of the ministry. We still lean to the idea that, whilst the country is preparing for the first Business Government, a Coalition will fill the interval. Important "conversations" are proceeding.

Registration.

Apropos of our recent reference to the scandal of holding Registration Courts during the war, and allowing Party agents to take advantage of the country's trouble to disfranchise many a good citizen, we are glad to learn that some arrangement is likely to be arrived at by these Official Disfranchisers. But we shall keep our eye on them.

Our Free War Insurance—61 claims already paid. See page 24.

Mid-Durham.

By the time these lines are read Alderman Galbraith will probably have been returned unopposed to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Mr. Wilson, who for thirty years represented the miners in Parliament. There is much local discontent at the manner in which the thing has been arranged. It is true that Mr. Wilson was nominally a Liberal, but there was no Labour Party in the House when he entered it, and it is clear that he was originally selected and elected as a direct nominee of the Durham Miners' Federation. By the terms of the Truce, however, the seat has now been given to a Liberal—and although there is no such thing as a Mid-Durham Liberal Association, a handful of official Liberals were got together by advertisement, and met in the Mayor's Parlour of the Town Hall, and formally adopted Mr. Galbraith. There can be no question that the seat should have gone to Alderman Howse, the President of the Mid-Durham Miners.

From the Master of the s.s. *Kassala*.

Writing from Port Said, Captain T. A. Smith, of the s.s. *Kassala*, in regard to our statement that the ship signed on three aliens out of a total of six deck hands, "although Britons of the same ratings were outside the office begging for berths," says that our paragraph was misleading, as the ship was compelled to take what hands she could get at short notice—adding, "I can assure you there was no begging for berths." Our information is to the contrary; that is all. All the same, we are glad to learn from the Captain that these aliens played a conspicuous part in the gallant rescue of the crew of an important vessel which found itself in difficulties during the height of a gale.

Not a Single Letter.

"Just a line. We have had seven weeks away from the airship shed and not one of us has received a letter. I know that letters were posted to me on February 24th, but not one has come aboard. Please shake them up." Thus an airman unto us. No doubt the Post Office officials dealing with military and naval mails are kept fully occupied, but judging by the constant complaints of missing letters and parcels, there must be something wrong with the works. If the answer would not divulge information useful to the enemy, will the Postmaster General be good enough to inform us whether there is a hole in the letter bag or the postman is delayed by sore feet?

Release the Labourers.

The springtime has come and the farmers are looking in vain for labourers. This spells trouble—a short harvest and enhanced prices. The bulk of the agricultural labouring men are now engaged in the remunerative work of building wooden huts for soldiers. As the fine weather has arrived, it may be suggested that tent towns should be established and the surplus men placed under canvas. This would result in the release of whole armies of workers who are required for the tilling of the soil, and it would save a vast expense for timber and the erection of huts that are really not wanted. Within a short time the bulk of the hutments will be vacated, and even without pitching tents there will be ample accommodation for the men who will subsequently be raised. The matter is one that is worthy of consideration.

Up Goes the Washing.

Even in times of war one likes to keep smiling as much as possible, but the latest news is apt to depress the stoutest heart; the laundrymen have put up the washing ten per cent. Perhaps there is some small comfort in the belief that this must be about the last of the things to go up.

Forty Bob a Nob.

The recent advertisement of the Chief Inspector of Woolwich Arsenal for temporary assistant chemists, who "must have had a thorough training in organic and inorganic chemistry and must be accurate analysts. University Graduates or Members of the Institute of Chemistry preferred, salary £2 os. 6d. a week," is still acid biting on the raw. As a correspondent puts it to us, "Germhuny, whom we have no cause to admire just now, owes her premier position in many industries to her appreciation of technical men and chemists. Our manufacturers, if they are to compete successfully in the years ahead, will have to act on the same principle, yet what a shocking example our Government set to them. Reasonably paid and encouraged, British technical chemists would undoubtedly do their best towards raising and maintaining their country at the head of the industrial world, but if, after training five or six years at considerable expense, the most glorious prospect ahead of them is forty bob a week (Official), then——." Quite so.

Let Them Loose.

In some quarters a good deal of criticism is being directed to the position of the Ulster Volunteer Force, some thousands of whose members have offered themselves for service at the Front. It is said that although many of these men have been in active training for six months or more, to say nothing of their earlier experience, not a single company has yet been allowed to proceed to the firing line. It seems that the difficulty lies in the absence of an efficient reserve battalion, and it is explained that, as soon as adequate reserves can be mustered, the Force will receive its marching orders. To the civilian mind, this excuse for the inactivity of highly-trained troops will scarcely carry conviction. If Ulster has reached the limits of its recruiting capacity, there can surely be no sound objection to filling up its reserve battalion by means of drafts from elsewhere. The nation cannot afford to waste a unit of its fighting strength.

Rotting the Recruiting.

At a time when the walls of the whole United Kingdom are calling for recruits, the story is that eight members of the Tredegar Rugby Football Club went to Newport to join the Black Watch, but did not sign on because the Recruiting Officers would only enlist them for the South Wales Borderers. If the Black Watch or any other unit is open for recruits, why cannot men be enlisted for it in one place as in another? Almost every conceivable device of the fool-official has been adopted to rot the recruiting in this country, and if there are any more of the sort on hand we may as well have 'em all trotted out at once, in a final procession, in order that they may be disposed of at one fell swoop. This country is supposed to be running a war, not a lunatic asylum.

Simple, but Important.

As we have already said, every shipping disaster that crops up brings its story of the lifeboats—those contrivances that are hung at the side of the ship to give the ignorant passenger confidence. Now a survivor of the *Wayfarer* tells us that the boat he got into was half full of water before the plug could be made to fit the hole—thus practically duplicating the lamentable incident on the occasion of the sinking of the *Falaba*. What we want are Business Board of Trade Inspectors and Business Lloyd's representatives, who will see that the plug is just big enough to fill the space provided for it.

More £20 notes as special "Bullets" War prizes this week. See page 36.

Whose Fault?

A Woolwich newspaper, the *Pioneer*, raises a question of first-rate importance in regard to the output of munitions of war. "In the Royal Gun Factory," we read, "there is a plant second to none in the world for the manufacture of guns and appurtenances. There is also a body of highly-skilled mechanics, second to none in the world, willing and ready to do their bit to meet the need at the Front. Is that plant kept fully employed? Is that body of highly-skilled mechanics working day and night at full productive capacity?" Our contemporary proceeds to answer these searching questions, its replies being "in the negative"—as the Ministerial gentlemen say. "In the sighting room the old hands say that they have never seen the shop so slack before. Out of all the lathes in the shop only four are working day and night shifts. The turners on the other lathes are going home each day at 5.30 p.m. because there is no work." Our contemporary speaks with complete local knowledge and its disclosures merit official notice. Apparently, someone or other has blundered about as badly as can be.

Woeful Waste.

It seems that the herring curers upon the East Coast of Scotland are having an uncommonly rough time. Owing to the war, they have been unable to obtain payment from Germany for consignments of fish delivered before the outbreak of hostilities, while remittances from Russia and other distant markets have been seriously delayed. To make matters worse, a Government embargo upon the export of fish has prevented the delivery of herrings to neutral ports—with immense loss to the curers and others engaged in the trade. The Government embargo is doubtless a prudent measure of precaution, but it is hard that the struggling herring merchant should be left to bear the whole of its brunt, and it is by no means pleasant to think of the waste, to say nothing of minor evils, involved in leaving tons of good fish to rot upon the quays. A correspondent suggests that the Government should buy up the herrings at reasonable rates, and ship them to Belgium or elsewhere where food is scarce. Why not?

Wounded Convalescents.

It is pointed out to us that there are a great many cases in military hospitals where the patients have to remain for weeks while an arm or a leg heals, bored by monotony. "No place but the ward indoors; no smoking allowed there; no other place to sit in during the whole of the evening, the visits of friends with their little gifts—the sole breaks in this ceaseless boredom—being either discouraged or forbidden. Surely, all this is very hard on them after the awful time many of them have had, and of course when they leave hospital they have only a short furlough, then back they go again." All this is no doubt true, but it is a grievance in regard to which, in many cases, a remedy is not easy. However, we draw attention to the matter, feeling confident that the hospital authorities will do everything possible to render the monotony for convalescent soldiers as little depressing as possible.

Pray—But Watch.

Tens of thousands of British people are now earnestly studying the question of a Government to be run by Business men on non-Party lines. Having inaugurated this commonsense campaign, we mean to see it through. The bulk of the nation is praying fervently for such a change; the people should watch as well as pray. Some of the brigands who are now robbing the public with both hands may seek "parliamentary honours" after the war, but we are making a note of them.

A Remarkable Country.

The long-suffering patience of Cousin Jonathan in the face of repeated German insults, amounting in some instances to definite acts of hostility, excites wondering amazement. Having sunk the American steamship *William P. Frye*, the commander of the cruiser *Prinz Eitel Friedrich* was compelled to put into Newport Harbour for repairs. In view of his buccaneering record, the gallant officer may well have anticipated a stormy reception, but in point of fact he seems to have had the time of his life. According to the local Press, he first of all received "a friendly call" from the Secretary of the American Navy, by whom "the German officers were cordially greeted"—and was subsequently the official guest of the Navy Department at the launching of the American warship *Pennsylvania*. In short, these amazing Yanks seem to have tumbled over each other in their eagerness to fête and flatter a man who had gone out of his way to heap dishonour upon the Stars and Stripes. Even the subsequent internment of the vessel hardly counteracts the impression thus created.

Financing the War.

An interesting new departure has been made by the Treasury which will have the effect not only of facilitating payment of the War expenditure, but will also tend to give stability to the money market and foreign exchanges. Hitherto the practice has been to offer Treasury Bills to tender in large blocks of ten or fifteen millions at a time, but in future the Treasury will sell its bills at fixed rates, settled every morning, to any extent that the market may require. It is too early yet to speak of the results of this policy, but it may obviate the necessity for issuing another big public loan in the near future, and incidentally help to protect our gold reserves by steadying discount rates. There is a certain element of risk in having too large an amount of floating debt, and the scheme has met with some criticism from this point of view, but we believe the end will justify the means.

The Bishop and the Boer.

In writing about Lyttelton's Lambs recently, we spoke of a verbal encounter between Bishop Knight-Bruce and a Boer who treated him rudely, with a fistic sequel that is still a legend in the Free State and South Africa generally. It must not be inferred from this episode that the good Bishop did not get on well with the Boers—on the contrary, it is questionable if, since the days of Livingstone, a missionary from England was ever more beloved by the people among whom he laboured. A relative, however, writes that the encounter with the Dutchman never took place. We, of course, accept the disclaimer, but obviously we did not intend to cast any reflection on the memory of the prelate, motives the very reverse prompting the paragraph.

Hoch! the Hun.

Here is a growl which should be inquired into. It is to the effect that when German prisoners are brought to some of our Mental Hospitals, no matter at what hour, by order of the Superintendent Medical Officers they are served with hot food; whereas when poor old British Tommy is brought in there is nothing for him unless it happens to be meal time. We have put it to our military expert, who gives it up with the remark: "In South Africa, when the soup kitchens were in vogue, the British were told to stay back and were *kept* back until the Dutch had been satisfied." Evidently it is the British way.

Last chance to win our big Sporting prize. Final coupon. See page ii of cover.

Germhun Prisoners for Alexandra Palace.

How long will it take to get out of the heads of the British Government the idea that all the luxuries and comforts in this country we have to spare should be given to Germhun prisoners? Yesterday it was the luxuries of Donington Hall; now it is the elysium of the Alexandra Palace. Why should these atrocious enemies, without honour, without scruple, and without pity, be dumped down in this beautiful house and grounds—occupying one of the healthiest situations in the vicinity of London? Have not the officials who select the places of internment for Germhun prisoners any imagination? Do not they realise that to intern them where every prospect pleases, and only man is vile, is an offence practically to the whole nation? If pleasaunces such as the Alexandra Palace and grounds are to be used for military necessities, let them be used for our own wounded and convalescent soldiers, brave men all, who have fought their God's fight for us with their flags unstained and their humanity glorified before the world. There is, too, another side to the question. Within the grounds are innumerable nooks and crannies suitable for treacherous machinations and for hiding places for those seeking ultimate means of escape. It does not seem that any protest would convince the British authorities of the difference between treating Germhun prisoners with humanity and decency, and treating them with luxurious or superfluous hospitality.

Farming and Food.

Pleased to note our comments on farming and food, a farmer tells us he could name a neighbourhood, not ten miles from Stratford-on-Avon, where there have gone out of cultivation thousands of acres, which, if properly worked, would be among the best corn-growing land in this country. The reason is that scores of farmers have "lost their all in trying to grow wheat at about 10s. a bag." A cheaper way of cultivation is needed, he says, and "there is a great future for a simple and easily-worked oil motor plough, the price to be within reach of the medium small farmer, as in one or two years this land could be brought under crops." A wink ought to be as good as a nod to an agricultural implement manufacturer.

Royal Mail Reverse.

Intense disappointment was caused by the announcement of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company that no dividend is to be paid on the Ordinary stock, of which there is £3,300,000 outstanding. Less than two years ago £1,200,000 of the stock was issued at 112½—a grossly inflated price, which has fallen on the passing of the dividend to about 70. There is plenty of evidence that the shipping industry has done extremely well out of the war, and although the Royal Mail has doubtless suffered on certain of its main routes, it must have had compensations in other directions. It is almost incredible that a substantial dividend has not been earned, and to deprive unfortunate stockholders of it in these hard times appears to be an unnecessarily cruel policy.

"Germhuny's Terms—and Ours."

A reader thinks that we ought to add one more clause to our Terms of Peace, "viz., that the present Kaiser be dethroned, and no member of the Hohenzollern Dynasty ever be allowed to reign in Germhuny again." We will certainly keep the idea in mind; our only fear is that if we pressed it now some kind-hearted British pacifist or other would immediately form a league for providing his Imperial Majesty with a suite of rooms in Hampton Court Palace and a pension from the British Cash Box. A lot of funny people are still at large, and we have to be careful.

Dear, Dear, Oh Dear!

We shall soon begin to think this is a world where one cannot do right for doing wrong. "I am an old reader and admirer of JOHN BULL," says a Bombay correspondent, "but very much regret that he has listened to the clamours of Scotchmen and has altered the sacred name of 'England' to 'Britain.' It seems to be the fashion at present with numbers of journalists, but Shakespeare has written, 'If England to itself do rest but true.'" Our reader is hereby informed that when our illustrious literary *confrère* was in the flesh, England was England, and Scotland was—Scotland; that is to say, the Act of Union had not been passed. We have examined this great question from all points of view, backwards, forwards, through and through, and on end, and we have arrived at the conclusion that it is no justification for calling Scotsmen Englishmen that so many of them live here. On these and other grounds too numerous to mention, we have decided to acknowledge the accent, and if ever again we speak of English when we mean to include Scots it must be regarded by our readers as an excruciating accident.

Kitchener's Chance.

We always held that our warrant and non-commissioned men were the backbone of the army. The sergeant knew more than the officer whom he had to shape, the colour-sergeant knew more of the interior economy of a regiment than any new officer, and all said and done, it was not the colonel who made and held his regiment, but the regimental sergeant-major. Next, and under him, the adjutant. The great crisis now is the provision of officers. We are picking up boys from the Public Schools, the Officers' Training Corps, and warehouses and counting houses, and giving them stars as badges of rank. Why did not Kitchener take by the necks all the corporals, sergeants, colour-sergeants, and sergeant-majors in our service, and make them officers, and then promoted the callow youths to non-commissioned rank, from lance-corporal up?

Stock Exchange Grab-alls.

With the increasing confidence in the satisfactory progress of the War, business on the Stock Exchange is showing signs of a healthy expansion. Dealers here, however, cast envious eyes at Wall Street, where all restrictions on business have now been withdrawn. But, curiously enough, the steady advance in prices is bringing home to the public a genuine grievance. In many cases quotations now exceed the "making-up" prices at the end of July, but as soon as that point is reached the jobbers have the power to say, "These shares are mine," and the account is automatically closed. The unfortunate holder has been paying interest at the rate of up to 10 per cent. all the time and may be convinced that the shares are going still higher, but unless he is prepared to pay for them in full (which seldom happens) he gets no further run for his money. It does not seem quite fair.

A Brewery Breeze.

The contention of the large brewers that 3d. per pint should be charged for beer seems a just one, as, rightly or wrongly, it was intended by the Chancellor of the Exchequer that the halfpenny tax on every half-pint should be paid by the consumer. We presume that the alleged action of certain large brewers in selling at three halfpence a pint round small owners' places is a measure of retaliation which would cease immediately the smaller people fell into line with the rest of the trade. They apparently started the cutting down process, and we therefore fail to see why the large brewers should not pay them back in their own coin.

Once used, always used—the "John Bull" Pen. Send for one NOW.

The Limit.

William Le Queux cannot be described as an enemy of the State. In fact, some years ago, when he wrote articles predicting what is happening now, he was patted on the back by the public and "the authorities." Recently he published his book, "Britain's Deadly Peril," the main object of which was to arouse the Empire to the reality of the spy dangers and other things incidental to the war. In fact, it is a recruiting book, designed to waken the people up. And lo and behold! The War Office has stepped in and the book has been banned!! After this we may expect the Lord Mayor to be arrested for daring to disfigure the front of the Mansion House with the device that tells us that "We are now fighting for nothing less than our existence as a nation." It is impossible to set a limit to the folly of some officials. The whole thing must afford many a laugh over the steins of lager in Berlin. We may parody Napoleon, and say that Great Britain is "a nation of lions led by asses." Meanwhile, congrats to Le Queux. His book will have a large sale.

A Pellucid Pronouncement.

In respect of charges under the Street Betting Act, Magistrates are too often disposed to dispense with strict legal proof, and we are therefore gratified to notice the firm stand recently taken in this matter by the Mayor of West Hartlepool. A superintendent of police, who had learnedly lectured the Bench on the distinction between "actually making bets" and "loitering for the purpose of betting," was cut short by the Chief Magistrate with the wholesome intimation that in the cases before him "the fact must be proved to his satisfaction." This salutary requirement seems to have rather nonplussed the worthy superintendent, nine out of the ten cases before the Court being subsequently dismissed for want of proof. "I am the servant of the people who put me here," declared his Worship, "and I must have everything proved up to the hilt." We compliment the Mayor upon his clear enunciation of a leading principle of British justice.

We Sit Un-corrected.

The *Bury Free Press* is a little too free. Forgetting that our own notes and articles are published without either name or *nom-de-plume*, it opines that the "well-known writer" who is responsible for the "Barks and Bites" of our Bull-dog is ourselves, and then proceeds to chastise us for attributing to a British ambassador a remark about suspecting the honesty of any Briton who spoke French without an English accent—and kindly informs us that the observation came from Bismarck. As a fact, its author was Sir Robert Morier, who got it from his father, James Morier, the author of "Hadji Baba."

A Child's Request.

Mr. Rambler, of the *Daily Mirror*, often tells pretty stories about little girls' sayings. Is this new to him? She was a seven-year-old tomboy, and having just been told, in answer to persistent inquiry, how angels spend their time in Heaven, after a pause asked her mother, "Do you think if I am a *very* good angel, God will let me go and play with the little Devils one afternoon a week?"

Our Derby (Hospital) Sweep.

This little scheme is going along famously, and we shall soon be in a position to announce full details. We must again, however, make it clear that the project is quite distinct from the "John Bull Derby Sweep," now being organised from Lucerne, and that no money of any kind is required by us—the whole of the prizes being supplied by the sporting fraternity.

Good and "Bad."

Another V.C. list has been issued, and it contains the names of two brave Guardsmen. No doubt the padres in their local bethels will preach sermons about them and will extol their virtues. But, as one was a goody-goody and the other was what the worldly world calls a baddy-baddy, we should like to hear the sermons and compare them. According to a morning paper that has nosed into the thing, one of our heroes, 6 ft. 2 ins. in his stockings, was a local terror, and the best boxer in the district. He did not belong to the Band of Hope Union. The other chap attended church and Sunday school regularly, did not smoke or drink, and in every way was as fine a model of "correct living" as any archbishop might desire. Unfortunately the big-hearted dare-devil is reported "missing," and the possibility is that the divine who will hold up the "holy boy" will make full use of the fact. Let us hope that the young giant will turn up smiling.

Christian Charity.

The Rev. E. Eade, Rector of Farndish, Wellingborough, has been severely reprimanded by the Bishops of St. Albans and Peterborough, not for heresy or schism, nor for riotous or ungodly behaviour, but for politely assisting at a wedding ceremony in a Nonconformist place of worship. It seems that one of Mr. Eade's parishioners was engaged to marry a young lady of the Congregational persuasion, and out of courtesy to the bride's family the function was performed at the Wellingborough Congregational Church, with the assistance of the Rector of Farndish. All that the Rector did, it appears, was to grace the proceedings with his genial presence and to read a portion of the marriage service from the Church of England Prayer Book. For these wanton excesses he has, says the local parish magazine, been "admonished" by the Bishops, has "submitted to their admonition" and "promised not to repeat the offence." Are we so far wrong when we cry, "Wanted, a New Religion"?

"Refundment."

"Portsmouth. . . . Come Wednesday night. See you Thursday—Charley." The receiver of this telegram at Liverpool thereupon started for home, spending £1 4s. 8d. return fare, taxis 3s., meals during travel 6s., bed and breakfast at hotel 6s.—total £1 19s. 8d. Arriving at Liverpool, he learned that instead of saying "Come," the telegram should have said "Home." The receiver thereupon complained to the Postmaster, and that official said he was sorry; that suitable disciplinary measures had been taken against the culprit, and that as the error was official an order for the refundment of the amount paid by the sender was enclosed, the order for refundment reading, "To the Postmaster. On presentation of this form, duly receipted, you may pay Mr. . . .the sum of ——shillings and six-and-one-half pence." The sender is presently going to withdraw the money, and will be agreeably surprised if nothing is deducted for ink, stationery, or wear and tear of Postmaster.

A Broad-minded Judge.

Mr. Justice Joyce has held that a legacy of £10,000 to the Secular Society, Limited, is not void on the ground of public policy, in the sense of being subversive of religion. Erudite lawyer as he is, his Lordship declined to define the legal meaning of the word "religion," and thinks it might properly be applied to a system of natural ethics. Wherefore is there re-Joyceing in secularist camps; and we hope the good news will cheer up Mr. Foote, the President of the parent society (the N.S.S.), regarding whose health we have heard sad accounts lately. In these days the world can spare no honest teacher.

Our War Insurance covers Life, Limb, and Home—against ALL risks.

THE SEED OF THE SOLDIER.

WICKED OLD MAN IN THE MOON!—THE PROBLEM OF THE WAR BABY.

As we have so often said, this great war is breaking down most of the old conventions of the world—religious, political, and social. And now we are face to face with one of the most ticklish of them all—the children of illegitimate parentage. We prefer calling them by that name—for the little brats are legitimate enough, having complied with every law of nature before putting in their appearance, and being in no way responsible for any "moral lapse" on the part of their mothers and fathers. They are called war babies, and, verily, poor mites, they are in the wars. But a better name for them would be Khaki Kids; it was the Khaki that did it. How handsome the young chaps looked in it! And what heroes they were, going off to the front to kill the Germans and save the British Empire—*and perhaps never to return.* Surely it was pardonable to make a fuss of them, to "walk out" with them, and to sit in the silver moonlight, hand in hand and fondle them and kiss them long good-byes. And you know the rest. At any time such a situation would be fraught with peril; but when a young fellow—full of the ardour of youth—is taking farewell of civilisation, he throws his copy-book maxims away, gives his Bible to his mother or his sister, and of necessity lets loose the instincts of primeval man. Even our staid contemporary the *Church Times* has to recognise the reality of the situation. It tells us that "the facts are simply these. Many young people of both sexes are unchaste in habit of thought and readily fall into the commission of unchaste acts. The kind of fall is always more frequent when excitement is on foot. *It is a common and deplorable accompaniment of religious revivals.*" It would appear, therefore, that what Tommy has been doing is no more, and no less, than what the Welsh and other "revivalists" get up to. What a lot of bare truths this war *is* teaching us, to be sure! Poor little damsel! Wicked old man in the moon!

PRIVATE OR PUBLIC HELP?

And now the birthday of the War Baby is at hand; and already we have a host of Societies and Associations "conferring" on the problem. We hope they will not confer much longer. It is time to be getting the beds ready, and the long clothes, *and to be finding homes for the kids*—that is to say, in all cases where for any reason their mothers are unable to keep and rear them. Of course, it was very wrong, and very thoughtless, of Tommy to leave such "a lot of little things behind him." At least, *we* think so—but then, you see, we are older and we do not sit in the moonlight any longer (it is so bad for our rheumatism), and the little ladies do not rest their heads on our shoulders and sigh—and *we* are not fired with martial spirit, drilled and trained, and in the pink of condition. So what do *we* know about it? Therefore do not let us waste time in judging and condemning the fathers; let us pity the mothers and help the children. But how? Shall it be by personal, voluntary effort, or by State means? The former plan has many attractions, but one great flaw; there is no security for its permanence. In the flush of war excitement, many people are moved to assume responsibilities which they may easily disclaim in normal times, whilst it must also be borne in mind that the adoption of one of these babies means an obligation for sixteen years—till it is able to go out into the world and earn its living. And many well-intentioned people may easily be led away by mere kindness of heart to incur liabilities which they may hereafter be unable to discharge. And we are suspicious, in these matters, of anything in the nature of public Charity—with a big C, with no soul, and with icy hands. The various "Rescue" agencies will find a happy hunting-ground. Ladies of irreproachable virtue, in all the proud austerity of their own stainless chastity, will bestow a wealth of ungracious and unwanted patronage upon their "fallen sisters." A vast amount of inappropriate and unhelpful moral counsel will be spilt. With an ounce of help will go a ton of reproof. There will be tactless references to the past and insolent warnings for the future. Women who have paid the sharp penalty of their lawless passion, and are tasting the sweets—and the trials—of motherhood—nature draws no "moral" distinctions—will be reminded of their "shame" and rebuked for their "sin." And a world-wide inquisition will be set on foot to discover the putative fathers, and to discriminate between the "fallen" and the "profligate" mothers. In the meantime, any help which may be forthcoming will be inadequately sustained and blunderingly administered. All the experience of the past points to this conclusion. Truth to tell, the task is beyond the scope of voluntary effort. The "Social Workers" and "District Visitors" must be dismissed with thanks. Parliament must be asked to make provision for the emergency, and incidentally to lay the foundation of a new State department for the care of the promiscuous child.

AN EXPERIMENT WORTH WHILE.

But that is a large question. Some day we may formulate a scheme for the State adoption of every unofficial child. To-day, perhaps, the public mind is not quite ripe for such a proposal. By the time the war is over, however, we may begin to realise that, convention and religion and morality apart, the woman who gives to her country a bonny little boy, *or girl*, makes it the best present which any citizen can bring, and that it should be gratefully accepted—and "no questions asked." Still, we must give the New Morality in small doses—and for the moment we have enough to do to tackle the immediate and pressing problem of the future of the soldier girls and their babies. But we must insist that the time is coming

when there will be no such thing as an "unwanted" child. Unwanted and unwelcomed it may be in the immediate environment of its birth, but the State may have to take a larger view and act with an eye to the future of the race. Make no mistake, the time is coming, and coming fast, when the birth of children will be a matter of vital necessity to the nation. Already thoughtful observers are agreed that the future of the world lies with the populous, with the fertile races. Ruskin was right: "There is no wealth but life"—right, too, when he insisted that young life was the most valuable of all. You cannot measure the riches of the nation by a Profit and Loss Account at the Treasury. Gold is precious; commerce is vital; but men and women matter most.

CLEARING THE AIR.

Now let us get things into proper focus. There are silly misconceptions to be removed. Sympathy with these girls must not betray us into injustice towards their errant lovers. These men have not been guilty of violence. Girls nowadays are not brought up in conventual ignorance of human biology, and Tommy is no vandal where the affections are concerned. These unborn children are men and women –citizens—of Britain in the making; and they are not the offspring of vice or degeneracy. Poor as their material heritage may be, they will yet be the sons and daughters of brave men; and if heredity counts for anything, they should be a sturdy lot. What then should be done?

Obviously there will be cases for which no special provision need be made. In some instances the bar sinister, the invidious accident of birth, will have no power to rob the child of its welcome. These cases can look after themselves. There are others, and they are likely to be far more numerous, where practical help at the crisis now approaching, and some form of tutelage for the child, will be imperatively required. The State, either through the central Government or through the Municipalities, should immediately get into touch with such cases. It must be made clear that—however foolish and too trusting these mothers have been—the nation, in the very special circumstances of the case, welcomes recruits to the depleted ranks of its manhood. We have already established the principle of the Endowment of Motherhood—perhaps the soundest plank in the Socialist programme—by means of the National Insurance Act. Let us now guarantee to each of these recruits to the man-force of Britain a decent birth, a sufficiency of food and clothing, a useful education, and a chance to make good in life.

THE SCHEME.

But what shall be the scheme? And here we get upon delicate ground. It will not do merely to render assistance to the mothers and children *now*. We must make sure of getting these new citizens for the benefit of the State. And in our view there is but one way to do it. The Guardians of every parish in the kingdom should be empowered to adopt the child of any unmarried woman who declares that its father was a soldier. A home should then be found for it till it is old enough to go to a trade or into some kind of service. In the case of a boy he should be put to farming, and on attaining suitable age he should be automatically drafted into the Army. Girls should be taught useful work. For purposes of identification, each child should be given the surname of its mother, but its father should be presumed by law to be dead; and all the youngsters would learn in later life was that he died in battle. The youngsters should be exchanged, at periodical intervals, between the various Boards, so that their exact identity would soon be lost; but a strict Register should be kept, and it should be open to the mother, at any time, on satisfying the Court of her position to provide a suitable home and education, to obtain a Magistrate's Order restoring to her the custody of the child, up to the age of fourteen. This would meet the case of the woman's "lad" returning safely from the front, and of the couple marrying after all. And there will be many such cases.

That, in our opinion, is the least the country should do. No new machinery of State, no new army of officials, would be required—and the whole thing would be carried out unostentatiously and at a minimum of expense.

Of course there will be objections. It will be said that we are beginning in the wrong place. We answer that we are beginning with the sons and daughters of our finest manhood. Shall we decline their gift—or it may be their legacy, for even as we write, these men are marching with undaunted mien —marching in our stead—into a hell of ghastly slaughter—whilst many of them are already sleeping their crimson sleep. Let us, therefore, have no canting talk about "morality." Does morality require the starvation of innocents, the blasting of childhood's promise, the warping and twisting of youth's development into a thousand hideous deformities? If so, then to Hell with morality, for it is surely of the Devil. But of course the objection is puerile. Our present bastardy laws and the whole attitude of Society towards illegitimacy and its victims are a tissue of wickedness by the side of which sexual incontinence is holiness itself. Besides, moral laws and religious theories are no concern of the State's. Its functions are purely secular. Its duty is to protect the defenceless, to shelter the weak, to honour and succour the mothers of the race, and to cherish as the apple of its eye the child who is the father of the man. And the business of the State is our business—yours and mine. Let the moralists lecture and the parsons preach. Let them genuflex and hallelujah and doxologise. After all, the man has atoned his "sin" by casting himself on the sacrificial altar of his country. *Just as old Nelson did.* But who would not rather a Nelson with Lady Hamilton than no Nelson at all? Come, come, away with humbug. We *are* face to face with a terrible reality, and convention must relax its austerity; and just as in ancient times the curse of the father was believed to possess a supernatural power to pursue its object with unwavering precision of fulfilment, so to-day let us believe that the benediction of a nation's heart, full of love and pity, shall possess a like prerogative to waylay and capture and comfort its troubled daughters in this upheaval of the world, with the warm hand of help and a true message of that forgiveness and charity which breathes through the old message, spoken when the world was young—"Let him that is without sin among you first cast a stone."

LABOUR'S MAY-DAY MESSAGE TO THE HUNS.

BY NORMAN TIPTAFT.

The first Sunday in May has long been observed in England as Labour Day. On that day, in past years, representatives of Labour have delivered speeches to large gatherings of workers all over the country. There have been bands, processions, banners, revolutionary songs—in short, everything in the nature of demonstrations to inform the exceedingly conservative and orthodox British public that a change was at last about to take place. That, having for untold centuries been hewers of wood and drawers of water, having worked all their lives for a bare pittance and then as often as not sought a pauper's grave, the sons and daughters of Labour were at last demanding their place in the sun.

* * * * *

Despite the pressure of work, Labour Day will be observed much as usual on May 2nd this year. What message will the organised workers send their country? In normal times, those who sat in high places were wont to regard the festival as an opportunity for the working classes to blow off steam in the shape of resolutions that were but resolutions, and seldom resulted in anything being done. To-day it is different. Labour is at the moment top-dog. What Labour says on May 2nd will dictate this country's policy during the trying days that are to come. What will it say?

With some years' knowledge of the Labour movement, and despite the risks attaching to prophecy, I am sure of one thing. It will *not* endorse the policy of that alleged voice of the workers, the Independent Labour Party, who a few days ago passed a resolution at their annual conference by 243 votes to 9 against their members taking part in recruiting campaigns.

The workers of this country have little cause to be grateful for the treatment they have received from their pastors and masters in years gone by, but they recognise at all events that whatever reforms—and they are many—are desirable in home affairs, no reforms at all would be possible under German aggression. That, bad as their lot may have been in the past, they have always the remedy in their own hands—whereas, under Prussian domination, they would have none.

TROUNCE THE INTRUDER.

That is the saving feature of the situation. It is the same spirit that makes the wife of a man who knocks her about resent fiercely the intrusion of a third party, even on her side.

The workers have their quarrel with the capitalists; but they will settle that quarrel in their own way, and without handing it over for settlement to an outsider, while the appeals of the pro-Germans masquerading as friends of Labour, will leave them indifferent. Consider what it is the I.L.P. is asking its members to do!

Kitchener and French (who, after all, should know something about it) have told us, in words that admit of no misunderstanding, that our only chance of victory is in a constant stream of new men to fill up the ranks and an enormously increased supply of ammunition. To obtain these, and at the same time to shoulder the burden entailed, measures have been passed during the last few months of a character almost beyond the dreams of the most advanced Socialist. Private interests have been swept aside in the face of a national necessity; industries have been nationalised, food supplies, factories, transport, have been placed under Government control, faster than any avowedly Socialist Party would have done it.

Think what a chance the I.L.P. had! It could have helped in all the preparations going forward, and, all the while, pointed the lesson that in time of crisis the only remedy was the Socialist one—that national production and distribution for use were far better and more efficient than private trading for profit, and that if this were necessary in time of war for the purpose of murder, it was doubly necessary in time of peace for the purpose of keeping alive.

This socialisation of industry, which it was its business to strive for, it has neglected altogether, but it has not lost an opportunity of showing its kindly feeling toward William the Hun and his piratical accomplices. In the name of peace, it has condoned murder, and under the guise of internationalism approved of the massacre of Belgium and the laying waste of France.

A PESTIFEROUS "PARTY."

If it were not its business to assist in recruiting, surely it has not been its business in times past to fill Free Trade platforms, or address anti-gambling crusades or Temperance meetings—yet I cannot recall any resolution of Conference objecting to these things.

No, the I.L.P. does not (thank Heaven) represent the workers of this country. It does not represent the Socialist opinion in this country. It represents nothing save a little coterie, which believes that whatever Britain does must be wrong—simply because Britain does it.

And because it does not represent the workers, the workers must see to it that their message to the nation on the 2nd of May is so plain as to admit of no misunderstanding.

In espousing the cause of Germany, the I.L.P. has sold the pass. It has betrayed its friends. It has played into the hands of all those reactionary forces whose one wish is to crush the working class movement in this country. When the war is over, the I.L.P. will doubtless attempt to resume its old propaganda. Whatever of good there may be in that propaganda will be nullified just because it is the I.L.P. that advocates it. The first question that will be asked by the reactionaries when any reform is mentioned, will not be what is the worth of the reform, and how necessary is it, but who advocates it?

BALEFUL BLESSINGS.

If it has the blessing of the I.L.P., the people will be reminded that the I.L.P. is a traitorous and pro-German organisation, and therefore any measure that has its support *must* be unpatriotic.

Socialist measures on Business lines (for we are all Socialists nowadays—it's only a matter of degree) are too urgent, too necessary and too sensible to risk having the labels of pro-Germanism or anti-patriotism attached to them.

I have been a member of the I.L.P. for years. The things for which it was founded it has forgotten. The Socialism which it was formed to advocate it has been afraid of, the Parties of whom it was to be independent it has bowed down to and worshipped. It, and not the men and women who are leaving it, is the renegade and traitor to the cause of the workers.

Let those workers when they meet and demonstrate on May 2nd demand of the land that bore them what they will—it is theirs by right—and let them also send a message to the cut-throats of Germany that, though the I.L.P. may pass resolutions of piffle and peace, the real workers' resolution is to provide men and munitions in such quantities and of such quality that the victory which we shall ultimately gain will ensure to the land a permanent peace, and to its sons and daughters a fairer and more equitable share in it.

A STRANGE COMMANDER FOR BRITISH TROOPS.

AMAZING REVELATIONS REGARDING EX-GERMAN OFFICER.

Recently, a gentleman of German birth was entrusted with a commission in the South African Defence Force, being thus placed in command of British-born subjects of the King. The question of Captain Kunze's appointment was raised in the Union House of Assembly, as is seen in the following extract from the columns of the *Transvaal Leader* :—

> In the House of Assembly to-day (Tuesday) the Minister of Defence, in reply to Major Silburn, admitted that Captain Kunze, of Standerton, was an ex-German officer, that he now held a Union Defence Force appointment, that at the outbreak of the present war he was interned at Tempe, and then released and naturalised and appointed to his present post.

To say that these amazing admissions have excited angry astonishment throughout the Union is rather to understate the case. Moreover, it is by no means certain that the public have yet been permitted to learn the full extent of the Government's incredible blunder. In a recent issue of the *Standerton News*, an influential correspondent boldly impugns the accuracy of the Ministerial statement. He writes :—

> In making this statement, General Smuts was not fair, either to himself or to Mr. Kunze, and much less so to the general public, in whose interests he was questioned. In the first place, is Mr. Kunze a naturalised British subject? He was not one apparently as late as February 23rd last, on which date I was informed, on making inquiry, by the Secretary for the Interior that "no trace can be found of any paper showing that a certificate of naturalisation was granted to Lother Emil Eugen Kunze"—who is the gentleman in question.

As far as we know, the Minister of Defence has entered no demurrer to this startling allegation, and it thus seems possible that the King's commission has actually been thrust into the hands of an enemy of the Crown. Meanwhile, the easy assurance of General Smuts that "the officer in question is a gentleman in whom there is every reason to place reliance," is hardly explicit enough to inspire general confidence. We gather that Captain Kunze served throughout the South African War on the side of the Boer Republics, afterwards returning to Germany to pursue a further course of military instruction. Returning to South Africa, he was gazetted to the newly-formed Defence Force, but after the outbreak of war with Germany his position proved untenable, and he was interned at Tempe as a prisoner of war. It was then that the Ministry of Defence saw fit to intervene, and after a few weeks' detention Kunze was released and reappointed to the Defence Force with the rank of Captain. At Standerton he holds an important command, and, as we have said, exercises military authority over men of British blood and allegiance. Whether or no Kunze was granted a certificate of naturalisation after the outbreak of war is a matter of small moment. If he was not, his tenure of a British military commission is presumably illegal. In any case, it is an affront to the sentiments of the loyal population of the Union.

DAMNABLE DUNOON.

SANCTITY OF THE SABBATH SHATTERED BY "TIPPERARY."

There has been trouble "doon the water!" Ex-Bailie Cameron has been pounding, with his heaviest artillery, at the sinful people of Dunoon, who have been guilty of an outrage against the sanctity of the "Sawbath" that must have made all the Covenanters, from Dumfries to Thurso, turn in their hallowed graves. It appears that the band of the Highland Light Infantry have been playing in the Castle Gardens on Sunday afternoons, desecrating the "Sawbath" air with "Tipperary." No wonder that there's nae luck aboot the hoose in damnable Dunoon! No wonder the ex-Bailie entered an emphatic protest against such iniquity. True, he was outvoted on the Council, but let him take heart of grace. Whilst the brass bands of the Salvation Army are ruining our rest of a Sunday afternoon, what need have we of the gaiety of "Tipperary" played by the godless musicians of the Highland Light Infantry?

ARRESTED BY NORFOLK "DUMPLINGS."

STUPID BLUNDER AS SEQUEL TO THE SPY SCARE.

Although we still lie unsafe in our beds at night, because of the many German spies at large, it is evident the military authorities in some quarters are trying to strike a balance by rounding up peaceful citizens who dare to be out of doors. There was the recent case of a clergyman at Aldershot, who was arrested three times in a week, and we now have details of some futile proceedings in Norfolk, which would be amusing in a stage farce, but are annoyingly irksome in real life.

A day after the Lowestoft Zeppelin affair, it occurred to somebody to picket the roads, perhaps in the hope that one of the guiding cars might still be on its way home. It was getting on for nine at night when a reader, accompanied by a lady, dared to leave his own house in a certain village. He meditated indulging in a quiet stroll, and was permitted to pass a barricade of iron rails and red lamps stretched across the road about one hundred yards from his own gate. So far, so good—but not much farther; for, on returning to the blockade in about fifteen minutes they were held up by a corporal with fixed bayonet, an officer saying, "You are arrested; if you try to escape, you will be shot."

Naturally enough, they decided to remain where they were, and a sergeant spread some blankets for them by the roadside. A night-sitting of three hours and a half ensued, and proceedings were then adjourned to the interior of a chapel, outside which they had bivouacked. Friends and refreshments were permitted, and at eight in the morning the gentler prisoner was released. Her companion, however, was taken to the county police station in Norwich, and at eleven o'clock an officer high in rank informed the magistrate, "I ask for the discharge of this person; we have no charge against him!"

He inquires, quite naturally, whether he is not entitled to some redress. At the very least he should receive an explanation and an apology, while a double allowance should be measured out to his partner in misfortune. Failing this, we are afraid he has no option but to grin and bear it, reflecting, like a good citizen, that officious officials may be depended on to act in a dunderheaded way if they have half a chance. Other residents in remote places should note, and not put their noses outside the door after eight o'clock.

DR. LYTTELTON'S SERMON.

A VOICE FROM THE TRENCHES.

We have received the following stern protest from a soldier serving with the 89th *Regiment d'Infanterie* :—

> I have just read Dr. Lyttelton's "Spare the Germans" speech with mingled feelings of indignation and disgust. Had it been reproduced in the French press there is no doubt that it would have made a deplorable impression on our Allies. Cannot something be done to stop the propagation of dangerous twaddle by men like Dr. Lyttelton and Bernard Shaw? Is there any reason why they should be quoted in the press? If Dr. Lyttelton is not convinced of the nameless atrocities committed by the Germans in France and Belgium, let him come here. I will show *two French schoolboys*, aged thirteen and fifteen, who were residing with a schoolmaster in Germany when the war broke out. This fiend incarnate sent the boys back to their parents with two fingers of their right hands cut off.
>
> I thought when I saw these poor little chaps that I had sounded the uttermost depths in human wickedness, but it was not long before I witnessed something worse. A few days before Christmas I visited a hospital in Paris where a number of Belgian refugees were being sheltered. A little girl of eight, whose hands had been cut off by these German devils, asked her visitors "if the good God would send her back her hands on Christmas Day"! Would Dr. Lyttelton be ready to "love the Germans" if his children had been mutilated? Our enemies boast that they will do these things and worse if ever they land on England's shores. Where is the modern Burke that will make "every sword leap from its scabbard" to protect our little ones?

Perhaps the reverend and learned doctor will read this letter to the boys at Eton—and then call for three cheers for the Kaiser!

Sport for Sportsmen—£100 for a forecast. See page 32.